

See You In Hell

by Zaise

Category: Gundam Wing/AC

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-29 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-29 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:47:42

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,481

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Heero and Duo deathfic. Duo commits suicide, and Heero is devastated...

See You In Hell

****See You In Hell****

> April 2000
 by Laisia

>
 The stillness in the low-ceilinged library was broken by a lone figure softly opening the door and slipping into the room, a coiled object grasped in one hand. Shards of moonlight splashed on the smooth wooden floor as the figure pulled back the soft, velvety curtains. His free hand reached behind him to grasp the end of his long chestnut-colored braid. Looking at the end of it absently, he saw a single face invade the corners of his mind. A face with dark brown hair and prussian blue eyes.

>
 //_Can I really leave him like this? Deny my love?// _he thought. //_But my soul is tainted with the blood of the innocent... yes, this is the right thing to do.//

>
 _He turned sad cobalt eyes up to the shining moon for the last time. //_The moonlight really is so beautiful.//_

>
 With shaking hands, he uncoiled the rope he had been grasping the entire time. In one gesture, he threw one end over a rafter on the night-darkened ceiling, and tied a knot and noose on the other end.

>
 He dragged a red velvet chair from the study table over to the noose hanging from the ceiling. Climbing onto the chair and shoving his doubts aside, he took the noose and one hand and slipped it around his neck.

>
 //_Forgive me, Heero,// _he thought sorrowfully as he jumped off the chair and kicked it away from him. The end of his braid snagged on the falling chair, pulling off the simple black hair tie.

>
 The unforgiving rope cut brutally into his fragile neck as his hair fell around his swinging body. All the pain hit his brain and nerves at once, and his mouth opened in a silent scream. //_Well, off I go to hell,// _he thought as the last bit of life drained from his body, his eyes rolling up into his lifeless, unbraided head.

>

>
 Heero awoke to the sound of something heavy falling over.
//_It might be a burglar, //_ he thought as he climbed out of bed and
grabbed his gun from where it lay on his bedside table.
>
 "Are you coming, Duo?" he mumbled over his shoulder as he
moved towards the bedroom door. He got no reply.
>
 //_Hn. The sound must not have woken him up, //_ _Heero thought.
 //_I'll just go wake him up myself.//
>
> Feeling his way in the pitch-black room, Heero made his way back to
the bed and put his hand on Duo's shoulder. Or, rather, where Duo's
shoulder should have been. His hand rested on the rumpled sheets
instead.

> "Baka," Heero muttered. "Now where could he be?"

> He walked down the silent hallway of the Winner estate, opening
each door and looking inside, looking both for Duo and the source of
the sound.

> There was only one more room to check; the library. Heero opened
the door silently and peered in. The only lighting in the room was a
sliver of moonlight shining through the heavy curtains.

> /_Not in here... he must be downstairs, //_ Heero thought, sighing.
As he turned to leave, he caught a movement in the darkness out of
the corner of his eye. Whirling around to face the area of darkness,
he pointed his gun with a deadly aim.
>
 "Who's there?" he demanded. "Show yourself or I'll be forced
to shoot you." Nobody stepped out of the shadows.
>
 "Last chance. I know you're there." Heero growled. His demand
was only met by another movement in the silent room.
>
 Without hesitation, Heero checked his aim and pulled the
trigger. He expected a scream, but once the ring of the gunshot faded
away, the room was silent once more.
>
 //_What the hell? //_ Heero thought. //_I know it hit someone
in there, I would have heard the bullet hit the wall if it hadn't!
And there wasn't even a thump! There should have been one from the
body falling!//
>
> Deciding to find out what was going on, Heero reached back and
flipped the light switch up. The sudden presence of light blinded him
for a second, so he shut his eyes tightly.

> Cracking open one eye to see if his eyes were adjusted to the light
yet, he was greeted with the horrific sight of a long-haired corpse
hanging from the ceiling, blood spurting from a fresh wound in its
chest.

> /Oh, shit! I shot a corpse! //_ Heero thought angrily. //_Well,
I don't need to watch it bleed, besides, the light in here will rouse
suspicion. I'll just identify it by the moonlight. //_ He reached back
again and switched the light off, enveloping the room in
near-darkness once more.
>
 Walking forward, he reached out, feeling for the corpse. His
hands made contact with cold, clammy skin covered in fresh blood.
Trying not to think about what he was touching, he worked his hands
up the corpse until he reached the neck. Supporting the body with one
arm, he lifted the noose off the mangled neck and carried the corpse
over to the beam of moonlight on the floor. Laying it down, the
moon's rays reflected on its beautiful long chestnut-colored hair.

>
 Heero stared at the hair and the back of the corpse's head, a
horrible thought started creeping into his head. //_I know that
hair... no, it can't be!//_
>
 Not able to leave the corpse unidentified any longer, Heero

turned the head with trembling fingers so he could see its face. The features proved his fears to be true. He bit down on his lip to keep from screaming. It was Duo.

>
 Blood trickled down his chin from biting his lip as he sank to the ground, shaking like an aspen leaf. //_How could Duo DO this to me? How could he leave me alone like this? Damn it, Duo, you were the one who taught me to live... to feel... to love! You taught me to love, and I loved YOU!//_

>
 Waves of despair washed over Heero again and again, tearing his soul apart with each mind-tearing bout of emotional pain. Without Duo, he might as well have been a robot, knowing nothing of human life.

>
 //_Life is pointless now,// _he thought angrily, clutching a section of Duo's silken hair to his face. //_Duo's gone... gone... NO! Duo is Death, he can't die! Oh God, my soul... it's tearing apart... shit, why did you do this to me, Duo?! WHY?!//

>
 _Heero knelt down and leaned over Duo's body to retrieve his gun that he had lain by Duo's head. In doing so, he came face to face with Duo's empty, lifeless gaze. Those beautiful cobalt eyes no longer sparkled with the life-loving essence that was purely Duo.

>
 //_I can't stand to see his eyes that way!//_ Heero thought, pausing in his movement to stare into the pair of eyes that might as well have been black holes. The horror that chilled his blood from seeing Duo's eyes like that froze him in his position, leaning over Duo's dead body.

>
 Eyelids covered Heero's horrified gaze, the sight of Duo's lifeless eyes freezing his soul to the core. Even though his state of mind was shot through the center with emotional pain and he felt that things could never get worse, nothing could ever have prepared him for a pair of stone cold lips pressing against his own.

>
 Heero's eyes opened wide to see Duo's head raised, locking him in a dead kiss. //_But he's dead... how can he be kissing me?//_ Heero thought frantically. With the last bit of rational thought he had left, he reached for Duo's limp hand and checked for a pulse.

>
 None.

>
 The life slowly drained out of Heero's body as Duo's corpse continued to press its lips against his own. //_I'll see you in hell, Duo,// _Heero thought as he lost all energy to actually try to break away from the kiss.

>
 Heero's heart thumped its last beat as his body slumped over Duo's, the kiss breaking in the fall. Duo's head rested on the smooth wooden floor once more, as if it had never risen up. Moonlight seeping in through the cracks between the velvety curtains enveloped their bodies in an eerie glow.

>
 The regained stillness in the low-ceilinged room was broken by a lone figure softly opening the door and slipping into the room, a flashlight grasped in one hand. But the blonde figure never turned it on, the two corpses made quite clear by the moon's non-ceasing beams.

>
 And as Quatre sank to his knees on the smooth wooden floor, his body shaking with sobs, two souls were reunited in heaven.

End
file.